

(Taylor is pretending to be unable to find the ring, but Peter is in no mood for this joke.)

Peter. Go.

(Taylor kisses Peter on the cheek; mouths, "I love you.")

Side 8

FS. 13 Aunt Dorothy/Officiant, Rita, Peter, Rita's Mom
(The Boyle home. Outside.)
Rita's Dad, Old Man, Taylor

Start:

Aunt Dorothy/Officiant. ... to keep the solemn vows you are about to make. Live with tender consideration for each other. Conduct your lives in honesty and truth. And your marriage will last. This should be remembered as you now declare your desire to wed.

Peter. I, Peter, take thee, Rita, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto, I pledge thee my troth.

Rita. I, Rita, take thee, Peter, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, (halting)

Officiant. In sickness and in health.

Rita. In sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I pledge thee my troth.

Officiant. For as much as Rita and Peter have consented together in holy matrimony and have witnessed the same before God and this company, pledging their faith and declaring the same, I pronounce, by the authority committed unto me as a minister of God, that they

SO

are husband and wife, according to the ordinance of God and the law of this state.

(Peter and Rita kiss.)

I think a little applause would be in order.

Peter. *(to us)* And there was some polite applause as if we'd made a good putt or something, and we all made a beeline for the champagne with the strawberries in it.

Continue

F.S. 14

(The Boyle home; outside. Later that day.)

Rita. Thank you, Aunt Dottie. *(hugging)*

Aunt D. Peter and Rita, that's very euphonious.

Peter. Yes.

Aunt Dorothy. Isn't it?

Peter. Sometimes we get Peter and Reeter.

Aunt Dorothy. Oh.

Rita. Or Pita and Rita.

Peter. Excuse me, Rita, who's the old guy? Over by the food?

Rita. Oh ... *(sees the Old Man)* Yeah. I don't know.

Rita's Mom. Everybody shmush together, come on! Marshall! ...

(People crowd together around Peter and Rita.)

Marshall!

Rita's Dad. What?

Rita's Mom. Get in the picture, come on!

Rita's Dad. Jesus Christ, I thought you were on fire.

Rita's Mom. Get in, everybody! All right. Smile! Say "Bullshit!"

(Everyone says, "Bullshit" and/or "Cheese.")

Rita's Mom. Wait, I want to get another one. Don't move. Ohhhhh.

Aunt D. My face hurts, hurry up!

Rita's Mom. All right, say "Bullshit."

(Again.)

Aunt Dorothy. Oh, I had my face in a funny position.

Rita's Dad. Whose fault is that?

Aunt Dorothy. And don't say it's always that way.

Peter. Mom, who's the guy ...

Rita's Mom. Who?

Peter. See who I mean?

Rita's Mom. Oh ...

(Rita and the Old Man toast one another with their champagne.)

Rita. Isn't he great?

Rita's Mom. I thought he was with your firm.

Peter. *(shaking his head)* Unh-uh.

(The Old Man starts toward them.)

Rita's Mom. Marsh? Right behind me, don't look now, he's very peculiar.

Rita's Dad. I thought he was one of your patients.

Rita's Mom. No. He's not with the club, is he?

(The Old Man comes up to them.)

Old Man. Congratulations. Both of you.

Rita. Thank you.

Peter. Thank you very much.

Taylor. *(extending his hand)* I'm Taylor McGowan.

Old Man. You make a lovely couple.

Taylor. Your name, I'm sorry?

Old Man. And what a wonderful day for it.

Rita. *(mesmerized by him)* Yes.

(Taylor shakes hands with the empty air.)

Taylor. Good to meet you.

Old Man. How precious the time is ... How little we realize till it's almost gone.

Rita's Dad. You'll have to forgive us, but none of us seems to remember who you are.

Rita. It's all right, Daddy.

Old Man. I only wanted to wish the two young people well. And perhaps to kiss the bride. Before I'm on my way.

Rita's Dad. Well—

Rita. I'd be flattered. Thank you.

Taylor. Some angle this guy's got.

Rita. My blessings to you.

(The Old Man takes Rita's face in his hands. There is a low rumble which grows in volume as they begin to kiss. Wind rushes through the trees, leaves fall, no one moves except for Rita, whose bridal bouquet slips to the ground. The Old Man and Rita separate, and the wind and rumble die down.)

Rita. And you.

(The Old Man seems off balance; Rita's Dad steadies him.)

Rita's Dad. You'd better sit down, sir.

(He eases the Old Man in the chair, takes his pulse)

Rita's Dad. Just breathe for me, nice and easy.

Old Man. Daddy?

Aunt D. Ohhhhh.he thinks Marshall's his father.

(The Old Man stares at Peter and Rita)

Old Man. Peter? What happened? Honey, it's me.

Taylor. Better watch it Rita, now he's after the groom. Who is this guy anyway?

Rita's Mom. I thought you said you didn't know him.

(Peter is mystified. Old Man stands. He and Peter look directly at each other)

Peter. I never saw him before in my life.

(These words from Peter's so deflate the Old Man that He sinks back into the chair. Rita, strangely has withdrawn from the crowd and is newly exultant)

Rita's Mom. Should I call an ambulance? Marshall?

Rita's Dad. No, no. He's going to be fine. Everybody relax.

Rita's Dad. He's had too much to drink, I suspect. Am I right? A little too much champagne?

(The Old Man begins to nod, strangely.)

Old Man. I've had too much to drink.

Rita's Dad. That's right.

Rita's Mom. Where do you live, can you tell us?

Old Man. Please...

(The Old Man stands and starts to go)

Rita's Mom. Is there anyone we can call?

Old Man. I don't want to cause trouble.

Rita's Dad. There's no trouble.

Rita's Mom. Don't let him, honey—

Rita's Dad. *(overlapping)* We just want to see you don't hurt yourself.

Old Man. No.

Rita's Mom. Marshall. Don't just let him wander off is all I'm saying.

Rita's Dad. All right, Marion—

Rita's Mom. He could fall and he could hurt himself, that's all—

Rita's Dad. He's not going to sue us, trust me.

(Rita's Dad and Taylor follow the Old Man off.)

Rita's Mom. And find out where he lives!

Aunt Dorothy. I'm sure he's a neighbor or someone's gardener.

Rita's Mom. Whose? *(starting to follow)* I know everyone in a

five mile radius.

Aunt Dorothy. Marion, stay here.

Rita's Mom. He's not going to bite me, now stop it. D, if you want

to come, come.

Peter. *(to Rita)* Are you all right? *(Rita nods.)* Are you sure?

Aunt Dorothy. Oh, what a fuss. Forget all about it, pretend it never even

happened.

Peter. We're okay, thanks.

Aunt Dorothy. Don't you both look so wonderful, and you notice who he wanted to kiss, not me. Oh, you're going to have such a good time, where is it you're going again now? Marion told me.

(Peter waits for Rita to answer before:)

Peter. Jamaica

Aunt Dorothy. That's right. For how long?

Peter. Two weeks.

Aunt Dorothy. Oh, they loved it there last year ... Your mom and dad ... Well, I'm going to leave you two alone. Do you want another glass of champagne while I'm at the bar?

Peter. No, thanks.

Aunt Dorothy. No? ...

(She moves off)

End